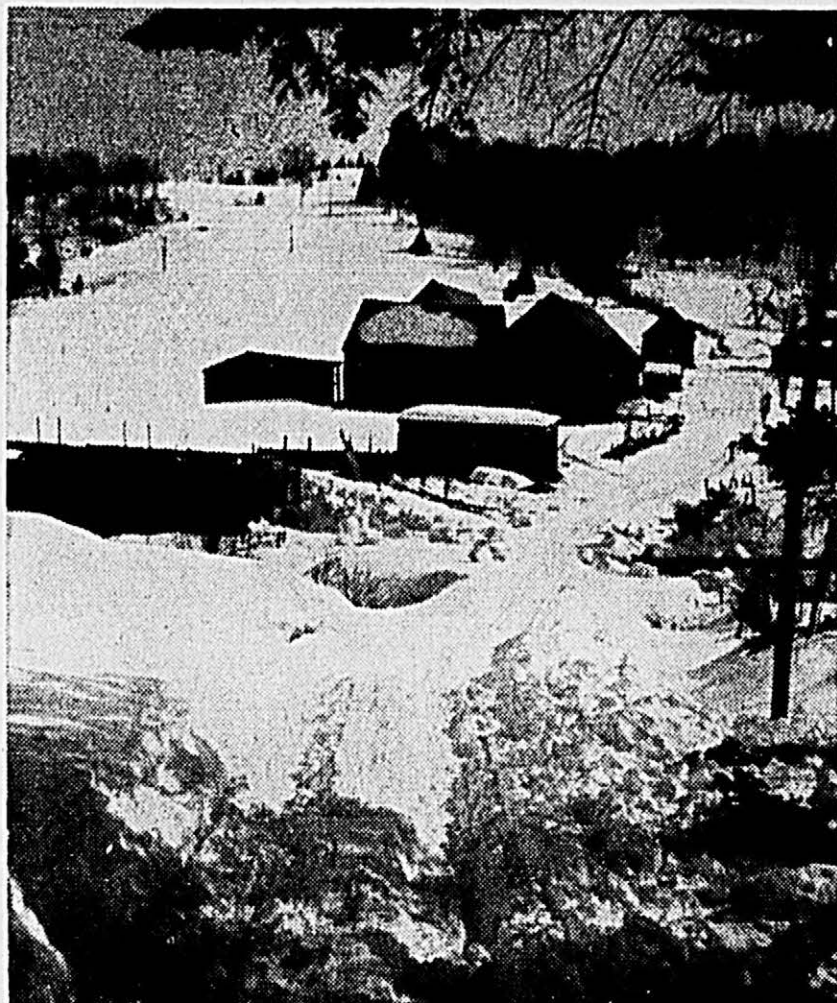


## Prizewinner

## Elder's Hill



"Elder's Hill at Christieville", submitted by Kenneth Burns, B.Com. 4, is the location of the training camp of the McGill cross-country and jumping teams.

## Contest Winners

The Managing Board and Features staff of the Daily was unable to decide which of the two stories below most deserved the \$10. contest prize. Five dollars each will therefore be awarded John Cosgrove for "Background for Christmas", and Rex Lucas for "Christmas Eve".

### Background for Christmas

By John Cosgrove

I'll be home for Christmas... I'm dreaming of a white Christmas... I'm doing my Christmas dreaming a little early... I'm singing a Christmas song... a Holy Christmas, a blessed Christmas... But the train ride will be a bore: it will be jolting and revolting. I'll be broke. There will be people dripping in minks dropping into the diner while I eat an orange and the juice flows over my clothing remaining sticky and gummy until I can remove it with carbon tetrachloride... at home. There will be people smoking in the non-smoker, 'butts' littering the floor. There will be people letting their paper cups fall to the floor amongst the newspapers and back copies of "Time" after they have drunk their 'cokes.' There will be crowds, luggage in aisles, shouting porters, barking vendors, bad service, hot coaches, rush-rush. There'll be warm yet frosty kisses from my family to greet me. And then there'll be reunions, get-togethers, skating, skiing, parties, cocktails, dinners, dances, dates, do's.

Oh, it will be fun. Heaps of fun. We'll exchange expensive gifts, having succumbed to the commercial push of Macy's and Bloomingdale's in New York, of Simpson's and Eaton's in Montreal, of Filene's and Jordan's in Boston. There'll be Christmas trees, hot-buttered-rums, wreaths on doors, lights in windows, music, frolic, laughter. And we'll all be together... the whole family. My sister's baby, my little nephew, (Uncle John!) will make it lots more fun. It's always more fun if there's a baby in the house.

A baby makes it a bit more like the real Christmas, the first Christmas... and Joey, to us, will take on an air of the Christ Child. It will be a lovely background for Christmas. Everything should go well. We should all be very happy. And I'm sure we will be.

But I can't help thinking and wondering back to during the war, and thinking about my Christmas then, and the Christmas of many boys like myself (for most of us were only boys then, not yet men) and the background for my Christmas and their Christmas... Christmas against the chill grey hills of the Aleutians; Christmas under the swishing palm-trees of New Guinea; Christmas amid the wreck and rubble of an Italian sea port; Christmas on an airfield outside an old cobble-stoned cathedral town of England; Christmas in a fortress village of France; Christmas in another State where language and landscape seemed like another country; Christmas on a prowling destroyer sniffing for subs over an ominous sea, under an ominous sky—and what a strange background any of these were for any man's, and boy's Christmas!

And yet no stranger was this than the background of the very first Christmas. For what blazing-eyed prophet would ever have dared predict that the world's premier Christmas scene would be laid in a stable? Who would have dreamed that the world's future Feast of Hearth and Home would first be celebrated in an alien village and among strange, unfriendly faces? Who would have thought that red would even then have been a Christmas color, as Herod's Storm-Troopers slaughtered the Innocents and smeared Bethlehem with a background of blood?

And so it seems that we who were far from home, often poorly housed with a red war over us—it seems perhaps we were closer to the original Christmas than any of us are today. Today we're home with a different background, and a nursery with the Miss Muffet on the linoleum, the sterile bottles, the clean dy-dees, the bathinette is a far cry from the stable. Today Joey is secure, but Christ wasn't. But Christmas is never any place—not really. Christmas is never just the things around you. It's something inside you. The Love of Christ like a golden crib in your heart, a clean conscience shining like a silver star of Bethlehem, a free heart and a good soul, an effort to have peace on earth and do good towards men. That's the real Christmas, any year, any place...

The background for Christmas, then and now, really is the same. It's what one makes it. It's in myself that means this is so, myself that will make it so. When I get off the train to get that frosty warm kiss and the little fat woman in a great hurry with a sprig of holly pinned on her coat bumps into me and says, "Ooops, Merry Christmas!" I'll say, "It sure is... and same to you lady."

### Christmas Eve

By Rex Lucas

O little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie;

Fretful commuters, laden with gay Christmas parcels, scurried through the dripping darkness to the every lengthening line at the bus stop. As each person stepped into place, his individuality disappeared, to leave a shifting, sighing line of sodden coats, rubber galoshes, and dripping umbrellas — dark specters huddling in the unseasonable rain. The wet coats sprawled with stolid patience beneath a tree whose bare branches were etched in silver wetness. From Christmas windows, a cold sheen fingered across the black wet road. At intervals a roaring, sloshing bus hurtled past in a blaze of light. Instantly the road was transformed into a glare. The tree turned jet. The black shifting line of raincoats was outlined with wet shimmers. Grotesque shadows danced behind the silent forms. Then gloom again closed in upon the watery scene.

Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by:

Everyone heard the slithering of skidding wheels; everyone saw the crushed heap beneath the fender. The white beam of headlights picked out the bright ribboned packages near the distorted shape. "Christ — and on Christmas eve," muttered a business man. A woman was sick. The policeman shrilled his whistle. Cars halted. At the bus stop the waiting line segmented. Parts of it darted into the roadway. Other parts turned in the other direction. Chalky faces watched the policeman kneel beside the form. Farther down the street, impatient drivers incessantly sounded their car horns.

(Continued on Page 2.)

## Principal's Message



To each one of you, students and members of the staff, I send my warmest good wishes for a very Happy Christmas.

The words of that greeting are traditional, but the centuries have invested them with a meaning that encompasses much of what is best in the heritage of western civilization. The angelic message of the first Christmas, "Unto you a child is born... Peace on earth to men of goodwill"; the melodic beauty of ancient carols in which men and women have immortally expressed their thoughts; the mediæval Truce of God, when men abandoned their quarrels; the quiet faith of the midnight mass; the joviality of Pickwick at Dingley Dell, and the sincerity of Bob Cratchit in his modest home—all of these things are a part of Christmas.

The tremendous significance of Christmas lies in its simplicity, in its emphasis upon the happiness that comes in sharing the good things of life, material and emotional, with others. I would like to express the hope that each of you, sharing the festival with your families and friends, may find the happiest of Christmases, and that the spirit of Christmas may stay with you through all the days of 1948.

A Happy Christmas to You.

F. CYRIL JAMES.

## A CHRISTMAS EDITORIAL

Whatever may be said about the Christmas holiday or the "yuletide spirit," one fact must be admitted: through a changing, shifting world, it alone remains relatively stable.

Perhaps, in some measure, this is due to the principles which underlie the celebration of Christ's birthday; or perhaps this holiday has created its own significant atmosphere, its own particular institutions—a characteristic body of attitudes which serves to perpetuate its observance.

For there is perhaps, no greater paradox in contemporary life than the religious observance of the Christmas holiday and its associated concepts: Peace On Earth, Goodwill To Men.

Only the most irreconcilable cynic may deny the validity and the logic of these two principles: Peace and Goodwill; only the most bitter and anti-social consciously work against their preservation.

To a large measure, the woes of our weary world are resolved about the interpretations of these two principles; the differences of opinion as to what they constitute and how they may be achieved.

And each individual, or group of individuals, in attempting to attain their own respective interpretation of Peace and Goodwill, can accomplish them, it appears only through initially violating them.

Herein, then, lies our paradox: the large body of humanity has broken itself down into groups, each one of which has organized itself about a different, and all too often conflicting interpretation of Peace and Goodwill. And in their zealous attempt to arrive at their objective, they fly along into the battlefield of Conflict, thus violating the fundamental principles for which they are fighting.

Nor is this conflict relegated to the physical, more material aspects. To the youth of our day, alternative interpretations of the commonly accepted humanitarian principles present nought but psychic disturbances, mental conflict.

The disconcerting alternatives are being handed down to contemporary generations who must face them and attempt to reconcile them in their own minds.

The vocabulary which they inherit, by virtue of the spoken and the printed word, stresses capitalism, socialism, democracy, totalitarianism, fascism. They read and perhaps, experience tales of human tragedy, starvation in Europe, civil wars, deprivation, human misery, and all the other degenerate properties of a confused world.

And inevitably they must, in desperation, ask themselves: "What are we to think? What are we to believe?"

After this figurative desperation, however, once every year, they are presented with a state diametrically opposed to that of the world: the Christmas holiday—with its plea for Peace and Goodwill; generosity and kindness; happiness and well-being.

Perhaps we may resolve this difficult situation by regarding the Conflict as something superficial in the human sense and considering the worth and goodness of the individual. Underlying all the disagreement, perhaps, we may find those elements of human nature which contribute some of the goodness of life—something which transcends the bounds of the interpretative differences with which we have dealt.

If this can supply some consolation to the worried mind, it would appear to be a path worth following not only during the Christmas holiday, but in ordinary times as well.

We realize full well the futility of holding the wishful thought that such a "Christmas spirit" can be perpetuated beyond the holiday; we know the world cannot and will not remain with the generous and kindly attitudes so characteristic of Christmas.

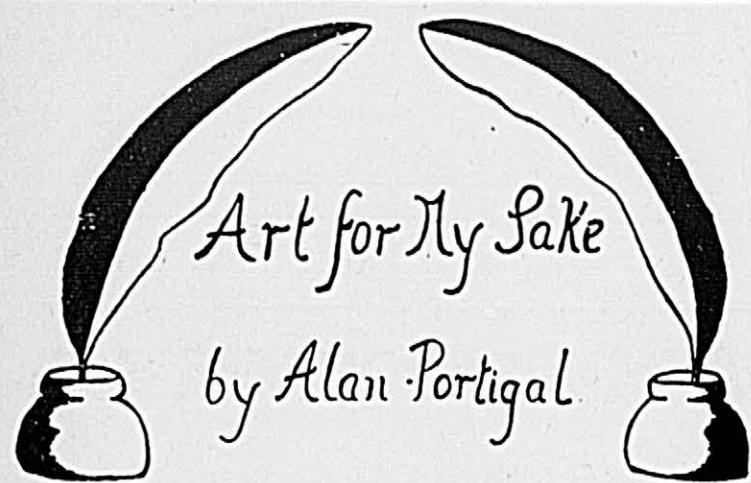
But a sympathy with human nature and human beings, a respect for their ideas, and a sincere attempt to understand them in the fundamental sense—all these are worth pondering. They might even be worth doing.—A.T.

# MERRY CHRISTMAS!

from Cartoon Korner







## THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

I am deeply grateful for the opportunity I have had during the past few months to measure some of my opinions and ideas with those of my contemporaries here at college. I have tried to return the favour to some extent by deliberately restricting my field. I don't think that anyone should be self-conscious about his ideas on any subject, certainly not to the dangerous extreme of concealing them, for they emerge later deformed beyond recognition or hope of change. This being a season of good-will, I dedicate this column in all good will to my fellow students.

I dedicate it particularly to those of my close friends whom I may have disappointed by my oblivion to their particular woes. These moments of complete communion between human beings are so rare that I feel that we must resign ourselves to seeing into one another by, as it were, flashes of lightning.

This is a most humanitarian season, and, as it is also a time for gifts, I have decided that the finest Christmas present I could possibly bestow upon my fellow-man would be to present him with answers to as many as possible of the eternal riddles: those questions over whose answers men have in times gone by debated sagely, waged wars, committed suicide, suffered martyrdom, published great mounds of literature, entertained visions, and done a thousand other senseless things which they would have recognized as superfluous had they been provided with a set of clear and universally accepted answers.

I shall adopt the method of propounding the questions and following up directly with the answers:

Whence, wherefore, and how was the ultimate beginning of things? The Universe was created by Omega Z. Cosmoedus at a time which is rather difficult to conceive of but which might be designated as the Year O. Mr. Cosmoedus, who had hitherto led an ethereal existence in six or seven dimensions of which the human mind cannot conceive, created the Universe in order to prove that Time and Space, which he had just detected, really existed. He is believed to have been disappointed in his creation, as he had always thought that in Time and Space he would discover God.

When will the ultimate in human happiness be reached? When a man leaps from his skin and floats like Mahomet, suspended between Heaven and Earth. When the life within him swells and fills him and bursts its bounds and merges with the stars and is carried by the wind and transmits itself to all things living so that they too shall live and no part of them will be dead. Or (as some say) when the human frame dissolves and is slowly and gently drawn into the blanket of earth. When the earth falls to the sun. And the sun finds rest upon a distant star.

Struggling, but wedged firmly in our niche in the celestial clock-work, we must count the triumphs of our lives as mere beginnings, and our greatest joys as the poor shadow of what might have been.

Is it in the nature of men to live peacefully together? I am a gentle and most inoffensive being. All I ask of life is to be allowed to live in peace to spend my days at work in my garden. Since we are commanded to love our neighbours, I shall love mine, inasmuch as I realize that he is essential to my welfare. Yes, should he meet with any illness or misfortune (Heaven forbid!) he would find in me a willing friend and a trusty advocate. And yet I perceive that my neighbour has been behaving very strangely of late.

Only the other day as we chatted across the garden gate he congratulated me on the condition of my trees whose fruit was then at its ripest. Ordinarily this would have delighted me as I have tended these trees carefully for many years, but I happen to know that recently his garden has afforded him only a meagre livelihood. I ask myself, therefore, what he might have meant by his compliments. Could he have intended (though of course the thought is ridiculous) to divert suspicion from himself while planning all the while to plunder my preserves? While the idea in itself seems preposterous it is obvious that some precautions are necessary; for although the trees produce more fruit than I can consume, I cannot live like the insects and the surplus provides the means whereby I may obtain some of life's comforts. Obviously I must protect myself. Though I am not physically strong, I can be fierce when aroused.

Still, the ways of peace are best. It's all very well for those of strong constitution to leap about the countryside defending their rights, but I find the effort distasteful. Then supposing one night I should chance upon him prowling about in my garden: what would I do then? Should I strangle him with my bare hands? Or should I stab him with the knife which I always carry about with me after dark? There are great objections to both alternatives; in the first place the sensation of his flesh yielding beneath my fingers would be enough to turn my stomach, and in the second instance there is almost sure to be large quantities of blood, the very thought of which disgusts me. Yet these are small weaknesses in my character which might be very easily overcome. In time one could get quite used to it.

I dreamt last night that I had killed my neighbour. I took him unawares as he was rifling my garden. At first my revulsion was just as I had anticipated; but only for a moment. Then I began to notice with growing fascination the changes in his complexion and expression; the successive images of fear and anguish that appeared in his eyes with the approach of death. I found it pleasant to watch, but after a while I awoke with a start.

As I have said, mine is a most kindly nature, but by his behaviour towards me my neighbour has placed himself beyond the pale. After all, we must hold something sacred in this world. I shall wait in the darkness tonight, and perhaps after a while I shall hear him climbing over the fence.

We understand each other, don't we. I can think of a lot of other questions which would not be worth the trouble of asking even if there were answers to them. Such as, can we expect anything of the afterlife (the answer is: only if it makes you any happier) or how many molecules can dance on the head of a pin. The great enemy of our age is ignorance, but it is not technical ignorance. It is the sort of ignorance that makes men fear and suspect one another. My thought for the New Year is that potentially Man's greatest work of art is himself. Hardly original, I know, but it can stand repeating.

My best wishes to everyone,

AL PORTUGAL

## The Way the World Ends...

By Nancy Gardner

The tall thin woman in the grey coat pushed her way into the crowded street-car. She was carrying a good many parcels and looked extremely tired. But apart from the drawn look of exhaustion her face was blank and closed. She managed to reach a strap by struggling past several people, and stood there rigid . . . and hating. Against her will she was forced to listen to the conversation of the two pretty girls sitting in front of her. Clothes, debuts, Christmas parties. It was incredible that she had ever been that young.

And then looking back across the years she saw herself in a white dress made in the uninspired style of 1928. The room was decorated with white chrysanthemums and poinsettias for not only was it her coming-out party it was almost Christmas. She was Janet Ramsey, the prettiest deb of that Toronto season. It was fun, but it wasn't enough. She wanted glamour and intensity and a knowledge of life. And she wanted to go to college. But her mother was against that. She felt that too much education was a bad thing for a young girl whose first duty, after all, was to catch a husband. And really Junior League work was far more suitable.

Janet got even with her by not marrying until she was twenty-five. His name was Jim MacBride and he was what was known as a "Catch" . . . fifteen years older than Janet, devoted to her and very, very rich. Maybe money could buy the glamor of far places and fascinating people. Maybe it could, but in this case it didn't. Janet realized that on their wedding trip to New York which cost a great deal of money and yet was ultra-conventional.

Their life when they returned to Toronto followed the same pattern. Janet wanted desperately to go to Europe or the East anywhere sufficiently far-away seemed romantic—but Jim was always too busy making more money, and the farther they ever got was Banff or Miami. Then too, the situation in Europe was becoming increasingly critical. With the advent of the war, Janet resigned herself to the inevitable—the most gigantic struggle of all time meant, to her, merely a round of committees, knitting, and canteen work.

She was thirty when she met Paul. It was at a Christmas party given by some business friends of Jim's, and she was extremely bored. Paul told her afterwards that it was that look of almost frantic boredom which had first appealed to him. He was a Polish refugee—very young, about twenty-four, tall, slender and dark. His thin face had a translucent pallor which betrayed great delicacy. He was an artist and his last name was Maretski. As she looked at him, Janet became aware of crazy images in her mind—thoughts of knights in armour, happiness, and high adventure.

He took her to midnight Mass that Christmas Eve—it was the first time she had ever been—and afterwards he told her that he loved her. That Christmas was for Janet even more magical than any she had known in her childhood.

There was an unreal quality about her happiness which even the unpleasantness of getting her divorce from Jim could not penetrate. And at her wedding, her very quiet wedding to Paul, thoughts hammered in her brain "This won't last. When his genius is recognized he'll leave me for another, a younger woman." She expected to suffer, but compared to the dreary anaesthesia of the past years, pain seemed dramatic and welcome.

They moved to Montreal where they acquired a studio and a grey cat named Georges. It discouraged Janet somewhat to find that Paul was not the genius she had imagined him to be. Still, he was charming and clever, and they were able to live on what he made from drawing advertisements and magazine illustrations. There was no cause for suffering. The dreaded younger woman never materialized. Plenty of them eyed Paul, but he only became more devoted to Janet. His devotion seemed to fill the small studio and sometimes she

felt as though it were smothering her.

It was shortly after the end of the war that the blow fell. Paul's cough became much worse and a specialist diagnosed that his once weak lungs had succumbed to consumption. He had to give up all his work, and the doctor advised Ste. Agathe. But they had not enough money and besides Paul could not bear to leave Janet. So they stayed in Montreal. They gave up the studio and moved to a dreary basement flat east of St. Lawrence. The district was respectable but drab. Sometimes Janet felt that she would prefer it to be quite scarlet in color and nature. She was able to get a filing job which she hated and Paul sat around their bed-sitting room and painted wistful and tenuous watercolors. Later he was forced to stay in bed nearly all the time. Janet did not like nursing, but Paul was completely dependent on her. He worshipped her and she felt guilty about leaving him even to go to work, though she had to admit to herself that it was a relief.

And so she went on, bound into her little circle of work and hick-room care. She became thin and her hair was turning grey. She formed no friendships at the office. It was impossible for her to see people after hours. Then suddenly it was December, and she was doing her Christmas shopping on her brief Saturday afternoons. She resented that too—the crowds, the waste of time and money.

Wearily she rang the bell for her stop. It was cold on the street and she walked rapidly, her head ducked against the east wind. Two French children ran by, laughing shrilly. With chilled hands she let herself into the small apartment.

The room was grey with coming twilight. Dirty dishes left from breakfast were still on the little table in the corner. Georges, the cat, jumped purring from a chair. Janet picked him up and walked over to the bed where Paul lay. He was very still, and his defenceless, haggard youth would have touched her if anything could have. Quietly she stood looking down at him. The cat blended against her coat and they seemed to melt into the dull atmosphere.

He looks as though he were dead, she thought dispassionately. I almost wish he would die. He's sick and unhappy and if he did I'd be free. But even if I were free what difference would it make. Why does everything go flat. I wanted an education and I got Society. I wanted travel and I got a home. I wanted a lover and now all I have is a dependent sick child.

Paul opened his eyes and his hot hand sought hers. He smiled too brilliantly. The smile and the feverish hands said, I've missed you, I love you, I need you! Janet repressed a shiver and forced a vivacious laugh.

"Paul, how well you look. Oh darling, I found the most adorable little Christmas tree. It will look perfect right over there in that corner." (The End.)

People shifted as the ambulance arrived. When the grisly burden was loaded, the ambulance left in a splashing dazzle. Behind it trailed the plaintive wail of the siren. In its wake the policeman unsnarled the tangle of human forms and frantic automobiles.

Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting Light:

The indomitable gloom returned. The murky road, the patches of light, the silvery tree, the line of coats, all remained, wet, shivering and forlorn. A dark bloody stain slowly oozed, broader and broader, across the road's white centre line. The long awaited bus jolted to a standstill. Silently, one by one, each glistening coat stepped into the cheerful glow of the coach, each in turn to become a living personality—a personality thrilled, awed and sickened by its close association with death on Christmas eve. The doors closed and the bus splashed out of sight. On the road, the dark patch seeped out and out, grew dimmer and dimmer, until finally it lost itself in the gutter water. The rain fell harder now. Tired commuters, laden with gay Christmas parcels, scurried from the dripping darkness to form another line beneath the luminous tree.

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.

## Christmas 1947

By Leon Davicho

At the time of the Little Entente, and much before that, southeastern Europeans liked to get dramatic, and used to cry with a beautiful Parisian accent: "Nous avons deux patries, la notre et la France." France was Europe's mother; the French Revolution was Europe's teacher and French culture was, no doubt, the one that inspired the culture of the Old Continent. Everyone celebrates at least one solemn occasion every year, with or without parties, depending on the age, the intelligence and the wealth of the celebrant. But, people all over the world, not just Eastern Europeans, avidly looked for another cause for celebration because it is really so nice to be able to celebrate. And there can be no hesitation: Christmas was chosen as the common birthday for all men. "Nous avons deux anniversaires, le notre et celui de l'humanité," Christmas!

And on one set date with historical significance all men celebrate their birthdays. It is just like a business executive meeting reviewing the activities of their outfit during the last fiscal year, only much, oh yes, much more solemn.

On Christmas people will remain in their homes if they have one. They will eat turkey, if they can afford it, and I am inclined to say that a lot of turkey will be eaten. Carefully hidden bottles of liquor will be annihilated by happy families reunited for the occasion; antique families possessing a fireplace in their homes will no doubt make use of them and there will, as usual, not be enough chairs for everyone in spite of the advertisements of the Bench and Table Company giving fair warning in advance. So the youngest as well as the gentlemen, who will still be sober enough to get up and give their seats to the ladies in the room, will sit or lie on the carpets and harmonize in the general musical exuberance, usually featuring "Silent Night" and similar songs. As always there will be pleasant and unpleasant surprises. A child expecting a bicycle from his daddy will probably find one of those "opportunity day's" plastic cars, good for nothing. Another expecting nothing will find a bicycle. Others will know in advance what they will receive and will undoubtedly do their best to look surprised and kiss their thoughtful parents on both cheeks. Guests will be warm in their jackets and women will curse the day the long skirt was reintroduced on the market. As usual there will be several fires caused by burning Christmas trees, a few courageous deeds rewarded by breweries, a score of automobile, train and plane accidents, some touching story on one or two homeless families and enough collections to keep most members of Ladies' Auxiliary societies busy for weeks.

Humanity will be celebrating its birthday and bells will ring in churches the world over . . . and solemn speeches will be given by people known to the world for one thing or another . . . and there will be snow in Canada . . . while in Argentina people will be cursing the "calor de invierno."

People will be praying in all kinds of churches. Those who do not believe in attending services will be praying in their own particular way. The idea is the same because most people being of the same species have the same problems and very similar wishes.

All this is nice and touching. But, is it convincing?

In many European countries instead of fireplaces and central heating, the hot barrel of a gun will help to keep many pairs of hands warm. Tables will be empty and families will not be complete. Those people, the same people that have made it possible for others to enjoy a quiet and a pleasant Christmas elsewhere will be working in factories in order to keep their countries supplied with coal and iron. Americans and Canadians will eat "Petit Beurre" made in England while Englishmen shiver in long queues in search of an extra pound of bread or slice of roast beef. U.S. glamor girls will shock the prohibitionists by exhibiting the new brassieres created by some French believer in existentialism, while Frenchmen have the choice of buying one pair of shoes or a pair of pyjamas every six months or year. New York gourmets will consume Pilsen's beer in quantity. In the meantime Pilseners will be forced to drink water. Chinese silks will make a hit with Life magazine regardless of the fact that those who produced them will not even have a shirt to wear. Those are the contrasts and those are the problems of this Christmas.

Let us celebrate Christmas by all means. Let us forgive our friends for insulting our wives for what is a wife compared to Christmas? But, let us not betray ourselves by singing "Silent Night" and at the same time suggesting that this is the time to fight against those who only two years ago helped us to defeat those who wanted to start a new era marked by massacres, blood and hatred.

Let us celebrate Christmas in a truly Christian way.

## New Year's Party

A queen of McGill for 1946 will be chosen at the Arts and Science New Year's Eve dance to be held in the Union Ballroom with the Westernaires orchestra supplying the musical background. The beauty queen will afterwards have a table reserved at the El

## Christmas Eve—P. I

People shifted as the ambulance arrived. When the grisly burden was loaded, the ambulance left in a splashing dazzle. Behind it trailed the plaintive wail of the siren. In its wake the policeman unsnarled the tangle of human forms and frantic automobiles.

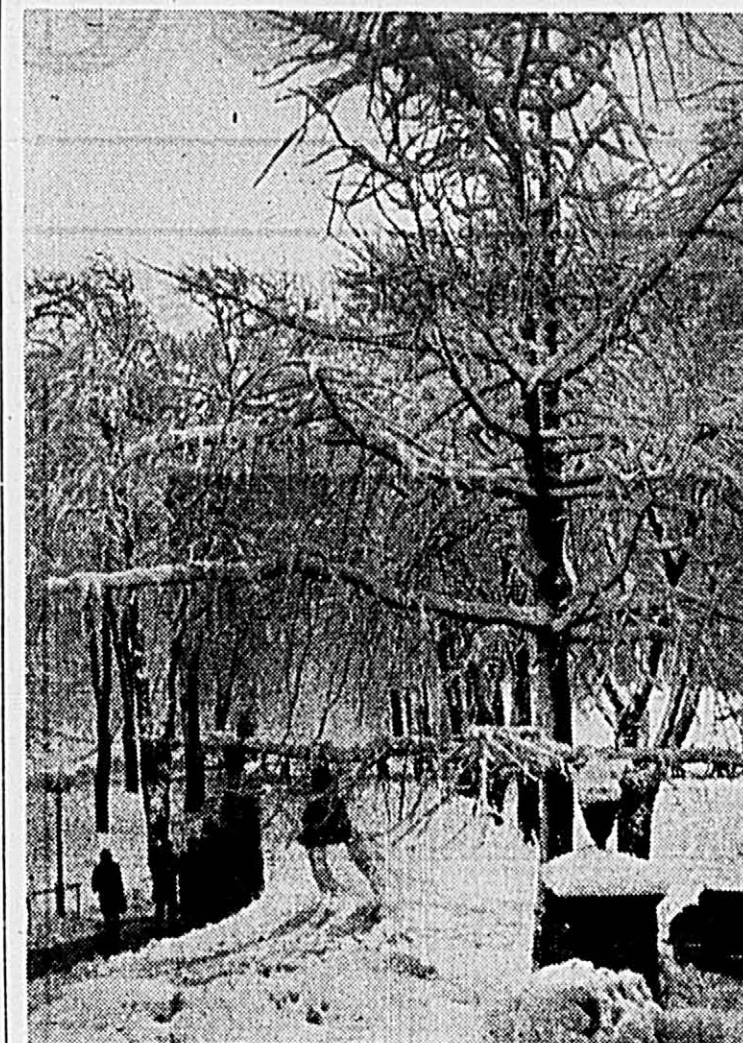
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The hopes and fears of all the years

Are met in thee to-night.

## Honorable Mention



First Snow

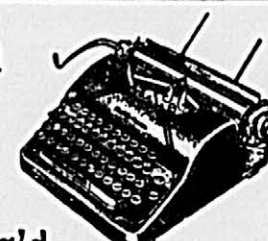
D. R. Ross, Com. 1

Morocco and will breakfast with her escort at the Chicken Coop. She will also receive an orchid corsage with the compliments of Louis Quince.

Tickets are available at the Union Tuck Shop or by contacting any member of the Arts and Science executive over the holidays.

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## Maggie McGill

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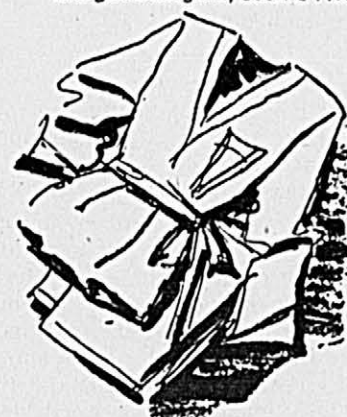
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## McGill Daily

Eastern Regional Headquarters, Canadian University Press

Published every week-day during the college year by the Undergraduates of McGill University at 690, Sherbrooke St. West. Telephone: LANcaster 2244.

Opinions expressed below are those of the Managing Board of The McGill Daily and not the official opinions of the Students' Society.

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# Harvard Puck Squad Meets Redmen Friday

## Crimson to Show Tallest Net-minder In Hockey at Forum

Boston Mass.—(Special to The Daily)—The big Crimson machine of old Harvard entrained today for the first leg of a sweeping exhibition tour that will take them as far afield as Montreal and Colorado. The players were in fine spirits and were looking forward to the odyssey with great enthusiasm.

Toughest part of the whole trip is expected to be the opening game against the McGill Redmen at the Forum tomorrow night. Never having seen the Canadians in action, the Harvard men were loathe to venture any opinions, but Coach Johnny Chase did have a few words to say: "I know they're good, he said, "but then, so are we. We might not beat them but they'll know they've been in a real game."

**CRIMSON HOPES**  
Mainstay of the Crimson hopes is Long John Lavelle, six feet four inches of lightning-like goalies. John has been playing sensational

**HARVARD HOCKEY GAME**  
Students expecting to attend the Harvard game on Friday are reminded that student coupons will not be honored at the Forum. Student tickets will be on sale at the Athletics Office Thursday 12 to 4 and Friday 9 to 12 for 25 cents plus student coupon.

hockey for the beanthrowers, and is rated as one of the best in the business. With a rather weak defence corps in front of him Lavelle has had his work cut out for him and practically singlehandedly beat a powerful Holy Cross team by 4-3. He was less fortunate against Boston University, losing 8-2.

Up front the top attacking unit is the Roebuck Sears, Bob Key and Alter Crocker trio, with the line of S. Mosely, Sheldon Huntingdon and R. Abbott expected to carry the rest of the load. This sextet are all speed artists and should go well on the fast Forum freeze.

**FOREIGN NEWS**  
Latest reports from the McGill camp have it that Coach Dave Campbell expects to ice the same team as caused such a furor by pasting the RCAF Olympic entry

## Central Y Beats Senior Cagers As Inters Win

The McGill cage crew continues their exhibition series against top-notch American teams Saturday night playing host to the Middlebury University squad. Game time is set for 8:00 p.m. sharp.

No matter which way you look at this tilt all arrows point to a nip and tuck battle all the way. Two years ago our team won by a narrow margin in our own hunting grounds. Last season Middlebury earned the decision by a 52-36 count. This score is in no way indicative of the actual play, however, when one considers the number of lay-up shots McGill missed. Anyone who has seen our team play this semester will have to agree that under the guidance of Howie Ryan and with plenty of competition under their belts there's nothing lacking as far as our team's shooting accuracy is concerned.

**OUR BOYS**  
To match any individual stars they may produce we offer Davidson, Bloom, Roth (The "Chicken Line") et al. All the players on this squad have definitely won their spurs and will make their presence felt in any league. "Flip" Flewelling will again team up with "Battlin'" Bud Fraser as the first string McGill defenders. Also making his presence felt will be Blond Bobby Duford, while Atkin, Wilson, and Hodge may see action.

**DANCE**  
Following the game, there will be a dance in the gymnasium. McGill dropped into second place in the Senior Montreal Basketball League last night as they lost a hard fought battle to the Central Y team, 47-43. Earlier in the evening the Intermediates by beating Southwestern Y, 40-28 and the Juniors by defeating North Branch Y 64-61 upheld the Red honour.

**WE LOST**  
In the Senior game it was a see-saw battle all the way until the "Dominoes" forged into a five-point lead with only three minutes left to play. From then till the end of the game Y managed to hold the Reds to a single score. Star of the evening was big "Red" Wilson whose nineteen points accounted for nearly half the Centrals total and McGill's Bobby Duford, high man for the Redmen with fifteen. The loss was the fifth loss in a row for the Ryanmen. The only bright spot of the night was Duford's return to form, promising better things for the Red team in the new year.

**DAILY CHRISTMAS PARTY TONIGHT**  
The annual Daily Christmas Party will be held tonight in the Grill Room of the Union. All reporters and their assistants (the editors) are invited to attend. It is a tradition that everyone brings a gift to be put under the tree. These are then distributed to those present. Gifts should not cost more than about twenty-five cents.

Med. SEC Rep.



**J. FYFE MACDONALD** (above), was appointed Representative of the Faculty of Medicine to the Students' Executive Council when he defeated Gil Rosenberg in yesterday's election. This was the second election held for this post as the last election was not an official one. MacDonald polled 341 votes to Rosenberg's 127. John H. Reed and John S. Wilson were also elected to the Scarlet Key at the same time.

## Staff of Daily Will Celebrate Xmas Tonight

Members of the staff of the McGill Daily, over-worked in the first term, will be given the opportunity to relax their weary minds tonight at the annual Christmas party sponsored by The Daily managing board in the Grill Room of the McGill Union.

Beginning at 7:30 p.m., the party will have all the ingredients of a newspaperman's "good time". Not to be anti-climatic, let it be said here and now that drinks will be supplied by the Coca-Cola Company. Food will take the form of "hot-dogs."

A traditional feature of The Daily parties is the presentation of skits by each of the departments: News, Features and Sport and Dawson. Prizes are awarded to the best effort, if any. Dancing will follow the skits.

The only snag to the whole affair is the admission. There is no monetary fee, but staff members are required to have with them a small wrapped gift, not exceeding 25 cents in value, and labelled with the name of the one for whom the gift is intended. Dawson "workers" will also be present.

## Dance Follows Hockey Game Tomorrow

An informal dance will be held tomorrow night in the Gym following the Harvard-McGill hockey game at the Forum beginning at 9 o'clock. Buses will be provided at the Forum to provide transportation to the event which will feature Stan Stanway and his orchestra. Tickets are priced at 75c a person, stag or drag, and are available in the building tomorrow or at the door. Besides the dancing the Red and White Society is to organize carol singing and prizes will be awarded to the holders of certain tickets which will be found in balloons.

## McGill has Deficit Of \$948,786 Due To Vet Enrollment

### James' Report States No Qualified Vet Turned Away

Although the university received the largest income in its history, \$4,676,139, for the fiscal year ending May 31, 1947, its expenditures amounted to \$5,624,925 thus causing a deficit of \$948,786 it was announced yesterday by Principal F. Cyril James in his annual report.

Emphasizing the fact that the university has undergone and is undergoing a severe financial strain due to the large number of veterans enrolled, Dr. James announced that the university expected a contribution from the Department of Veterans' Affairs within the next few weeks which would help offset the large deficit.

The Principal maintained that no qualified veteran has been refused admission to McGill—except in the faculty of Medicine—and that the Board of Governors at the beginning of the session passed a budget which foresaw a large deficit so that the university might accept all qualified applicants.

He went on to point out that other universities have received financial assistance from their provincial governments for the part they played in veteran rehabilitation, but said that McGill, as a private institution, had no right to expect such financial aid. McGill carefully guarded its purse over the war years in order to meet the current challenge.

In the breakdown of figures it was shown that 8,239 students taking courses leading to diplomas and degrees paid \$2,108,570 in fees; that \$1,120,131 was received from students for board and residence and that \$849,903 was received as interest on total endowments worth \$28,000,000.

More than one 'civilian' student out of every ten was aided financially by a scholarship during the past session the report continues. The aggregate amount of grants awarded by McGill and by outside sources was \$93,903 and when added to the financial assistance awarded in the faculty of Graduate Studies and Research the total is nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

In closing Dr. James claimed that the best answer to the current educational challenge is expansion, but the extent to which McGill can expand depends upon the amount of the financial resources it receives from outside sources.

## Vet Society Meets Today In Ballroom

The results of the first 400 veterans' questionnaires and the election of delegates to this year's Toronto conference of the National Council of Student Veterans will form the main topics of discussion at a meeting of the McGill Student Veterans' Society to be held in the Union Ballroom at 5 p.m. today.

Convening at Toronto, Dec. 27-29, student veterans delegates from many Canadian universities will discuss financial, housing and other problems. So that this University's delegation shall be fully armed with the local statistical picture, a comprehensive questionnaire has recently been circulated by the Society to all veterans on this campus. The replies so far received have been coded and punched on cards, through the courtesy of the University in making available its electrical statistical equipment, so that many sub-groupings of figures will thus be rapidly obtainable for interested parties.

In order that the most interesting answers possible on these and other matters may be provided, the executive ask that those intending to ask specific questions at the meeting, will if possible, submit them in writing to the Union Tuck-Shop before 1 p.m. today.

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# The CRAIGVILLE GAZETTE

## Inside Dawson

... with Bob Perry

The rebirth of interest in classic literature at Dawson due to the proximity of the English exam was indeed magnificent. Eager little hands thumbed madly through dusty tomes of Elizabethan lyrics, and volumes of Shakespeare, unused since last Spring, again saw the light of day. Boyle's Law was repealed, for Herrick, Donne and Jonson were in power. It was in the midst of all this literary turmoil that I saw the strangely dressed, bearded gentleman standing outside Dawson Hall. His appearance was of such a ludicrous nature that I immediately suspected him of being a new faculty member... thus the following interview:

Perry: Sir, I represent the editorial might of the McGill Daily. It is my duty to warn you that anything you say may be used against you. Now... your name, please?

Stranger: My name, audacious youth, is one all covered with sweet glory and old sack. 'Tis young wag, Falstaff, Sir John Falstaff.

Perry: Why, Sir John, what are you doing here at Dawson?

Falstaff: Upon my oath, 'twas the spirit of revelry and good cheer that summoned me from oblivion unto this paradise. Ne'er since the days of mine own prime has such a merry throng been assembled. Yea, and the sounds and sights perceived in yon St. Johns do well reproduce Eastcheap for my parched spirit.

Perry: I'm glad you approve of the Dawson way of life, Sir John. There are some you know who call us drunken rowdies and most ungentlemanly persons.

Falstaff: A plague upon them. Such types were even in past days when I was wont to frequent the Boar's Head. I remember full clear that bar-maid, as buxom a wench as ever...

Perry: Of course, Sir John, of course, but tell me more of your impressions of Dawson.

Falstaff: A most amazing place, this Dawson camp. Right brimming with hail lads and true.

With whom the mugs of froth-topped ale doth sit As well as water. Fell Alchemists their thrice accursed art perform. Changing base dandelions and sundry worthless things To wine and drink that inspirith obligation in the gods. Foul smells and smoke do infect the place on ev'ry wind. But far the foulest is the stench that riseth From yon edifice emblazoned "Dining Hall". It doth sicken e'en my hardy, ill-used gut. I note, young rogue, that many a scared vet Has wived and brought his spouse to Merry Dawson. As sweet and comely a bunch of daisies has scarce Been picked. Zounds, the hour grows late. I must away. May good cheer and ale your enlightened spirits fill. I'm off to heckle a temp'rance meeting at Old McGill.

Birds and Bees Department

A mother took her little girl, aged eight, to a certain motion-picture theatre downtown. Soon after they were seated, Bogart and Bacall went into one of their famous clinches. The child sat patiently through the first two minutes of it, but after the second two she turned to her parent and said: "Mummy, is this where he puts the pollen on her?"

Dear Santa Claus:

We have not been happy here at Dawson this year. My friends have asked me to write this short letter to you asking for a few Christmas presents.

Please Santa, send us a new mess-hall, the one we have now isn't any good at all. If you can't send us a whole new outfit we really would appreciate a few hundred new cups so we could have cold milk.

Another thing, please be good to the librarian this year, so we can smoke again in the library.

My friends and I thank you... Cordially, MERVIN BLOOM, Eng. I.

## Famous Towns

by McFlannigan III

(Famous Towns, The first and last in a series of articles about places better left untold of.)

### ST. JOHNS

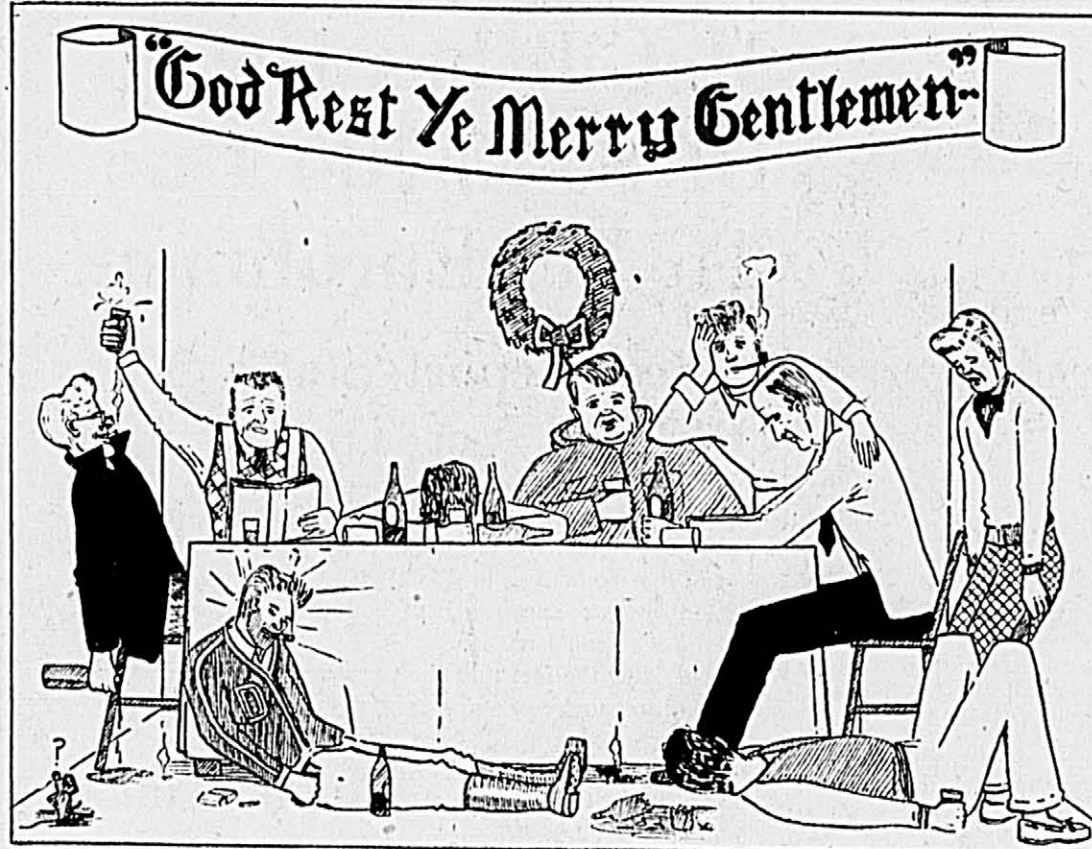
St. Johns, that beautiful metropolis on the banks of the smoothly flowing Richelieu river, is the victim of this article about prominent Canadian whistle stops. St. Johns is a well-known town to travellers. Tourists from the States always stop off in this thriving city in order to replenish their almost empty gas tanks. But St. Johns is also known to train and bus traveller, for when a Montreal bound train goes speeding by the city hall, all the passengers immediately start getting ready to leave the train, for the town of St. Johns acts as a beacon telling the weary traveler that he is only 25 miles from Montreal.

But enough of sentimentality and reminiscing. Let us get down to facts. Statistics and more statistics will tell you much more than you ever cared to know about St. Johns.

St. Johns is a manufacturing town. Sewing machines and other products are shipped out in exchange for the products of many and varied breweries, all of which are eagerly consumed by the multitude of sinners who dwell in and around St. Johns. For if any building in St. Johns is joined by a wavy line to any other edifice, then one of the two structures is a Tavern or a Hotel.

The town is also well known as the village which consumes the most Bromo-Seltzers per capita per year, the largest number being taken between 8 and 11 in the morning. As a result of the atmosphere of St. Johns is 49 per cent fizz and a possible 1/2 per cent Oxygen. The remaining 50 1/2 per cent is mainly smoke with a little soot mixed in. St. Johns is the only place in the world where the sun never shines and the ceiling is minus 250 feet.

St. Johns is noted for its climatic climate. It snows and rains spontaneously and at sporadic intervals



## Christmas at Home

Boil well that bird, oh Mother dear,  
Now cover it up with clover,  
Water the soup until it is clear,  
The milk you must warm over.  
Peel not the potatoes, no, none of that,  
Steam those carrots longer,  
No meat for me please, just the fat,  
And brew the coffee stronger.  
I'll not, no oh have no fear,  
'Tis mere respect for my constitution,  
I'll eat the same throughout the year,  
I'll accept no substitution.  
No Christmas at home shall queer the do,  
And put me off old Dawson stew.  
C. J. Quince.

## A Day's Work

by Clark Newton

The train ran noiselessly through the night. The only hint it gave of its approach to a town was a low moan like that of a ghost in torment. Inside the last pullman car, all was quiet, but all were not asleep for a light still showed from under the door of roomette B.

Pacing up and down the small confines of his bedroom for the night was a slightly built man of some fifty years. His bird-like countenance was drawn with an expression that could be either fear or extreme weariness, but his eyes bespoke a sadness that would have brought the toughest man to tears. This trip was necessary for he was on his way to bury the last member of his family, his only son.

Suddenly the train pulled up to a grinding halt that almost threw J. P. Barnes, for that was his name, off his feet. With an anxious rush, he threw up the sash to find the reason of this sudden stop. The only thing he could see was the black night with a few brave stars twinkling merrily in the sky. He heard urgent footsteps in the corridor, and pouncing nimbly over to the door, he caught a glimpse of the conductor going through the door at the end of the car. He stopped the porter as he too came down the

the weather is nice, then it is the usual murky days they have during the summer season. However a possible remedy has been suggested to the hamlet council. According to the plan the town would be sold to some worthy junkman and the population would move to Toronto. No action has resulted from this plan, except for a minor incident when the promoter of the plan was thrown into the Richelieu.

St. Johns may best be summed up in its courageous motto: "No loitering in the streets."

lane pursuing the conductor. With his brow drawn more than ever, he squeaked, "What is the matter? Where are we?"

"Just out side of St. Johns on the other side of Montreal. As to what is the matter, I am going to find out now, myself," replied the porter, and off he ran without another word.

Slowly closing the door of the room, J. P. waited nervously for the answer to his inquiries. They weren't to long with the answer but each second felt like an hour the way they seemed to creep along.

A polite rap startled him out of his reverie. "Who is it?" he asked. "The porter, sir."

"Come in!" "I'm sorry sir but I'm afraid that we will be stuck here for a couple hours at the least. It seems that a car was stalled on the tracks and before he could get help the car was frozen to the tracks. In trying to pry it loose, the driver pulled up a section of the tracks and it will take some time for the people to repair them."

"Oh, thank you, porter." Without another thought the man turned into the room and taking only a case filled with toilet articles, his overcoat and hat and without closing his door he walked out into the aisle and out the nearest door and stepped down to the icy ground. He walked quickly toward lights that sparkled faintly ahead. He inquired in the station where was the nearest and best hotel and proceeded there.

Leaving his toilet kit at the hotel, he went on a tour of the town. He boarded a bus marked Dawson College, and when he arrived he found no one walking around for this was Christmas Day and all who could

leave the place had gone and the few who remained were in bed.

Sitting in the guard house and thinking of what the poor fellows who remained here must be thinking about, J. P. decided this was his chance to cheer not only himself up but those who had remained on the campus also. His methodical mind began to click. He had neither the build nor the looks for a Santa Claus but since the giving of joy and presents was not confined to jolly, white bearded and red dressed men, he could do his part as he was.

With wild gales of laughter and much shouting of Merry Christmas three hastily recruited busses made their way towards Montreal. Three busloads of men were on a business

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oozing from all corners a little man sat in a corner of the last bus with a smile on his lips but tears in his eyes. You had to look closely to perceive that he seemed to be in a red suit trimmed in white fur with fat rosy cheeks and a chin that was

covered with a huge white beard, and his immense body shook with the laughter of a Merry Christmas to all and to everyone a Happy New Year.

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